

# The Mirror

OF

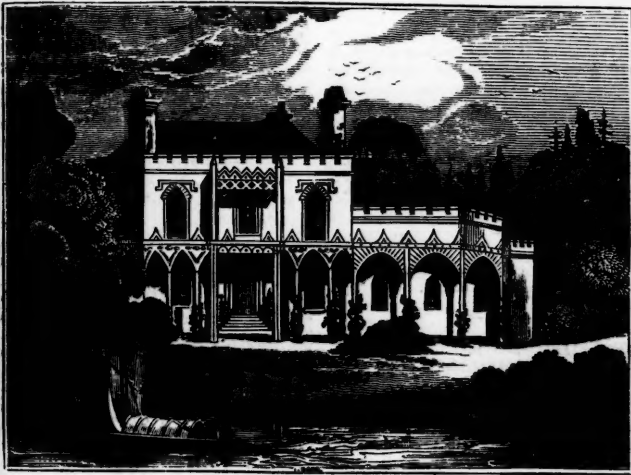
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 607.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.

## VIRGINIA WATER:



THE KEEPER'S ROYAL LODGE,

(From the summit of the Cascade.)

We have already described this elysian scene, and recurred to its picturesque beauties upon two or three occasions; so that little need be added by way of explanation of the above Engraving.

It represents a near view of the Keeper's Royal Lodge, from the summit of the Cascade engraved at page 81, vol. xix. of *The Mirror*, this Lodge being there shown in the distance. It is a pretty building, though its battlemented coping is not of the most appropriate character. The sloping roof and ornamented gable would assort better with the rusticity in which the Lodge is embosomed: of the latter style, the Gatekeeper's Lodge, in Windsor Great Park, is a pleasing specimen. Foremost in the first view is the highest point of the Cascade, at the head of the Lake.

The reader may recollect that Virginia Water is with propriety considered a portion of

The forest, Windsor! and the green retreats,  
At once the Monarch's and the Muses' seats:

VOL. XXI.

2 A

but, to borrow another line from Pope,

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past.

It was not, therefore, from such scenes as Virginia, that Pope drew his inspirations of Windsor Forest, which the world first enjoyed in 1713; but which the poet stored in the sun-light of his youth at Binfield:

Enough for me, that to the listening swains  
First in these fields I sang the silvan strains.

*Windsor Forest.*

The groves of Virginia were then unthought of; for, Paul Sandby, their ingenious artist, was born twenty years after the publication of Pope's poem. Yet,

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,  
Here earth and water seem to strive again;  
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruise'd,  
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd;  
Where order in variety we see,  
And where, though all things differ, all agree.

*Windsor Forest.*

## ENIGMA ON THE LETTER U.

In Nature I'm seen,—but detect me who can,  
For I first had existence from perishing man;  
Embedded I lie in the heart of the Sun,  
Yet am seen in all Countries his beams are upon.  
Not a Mountain you'll find, but I've waunder'd it  
through,

From Guinea's coast to the verge of Peru;  
Not a Soul has been born, not a Creature on earth,  
But with it I've been in the Hour of its birth:  
I was present each Minute in life, as it pass'd,  
And I mix'd with the Dust it return'd to at last.  
Without me had Usury never began,  
And Rogue were a word unfamiliar to man:  
And yet it is true that from vice I refrain,  
And let Virtue appear, there am I in her train;  
In the Honours of age and the Pleasures of youth,  
And you'll find me enshrin'd in the bosom of Truth.

In the Cup of the lily I love to repose,  
And I guard like a spirit the Bud of the rose;  
In the feverish Thoughts and the Doubt of a dream,  
In the Murmur that wakes from the bed of the  
stream;

In the Struggle we hear when the tempest is high,  
In the Thunder that breaks ere we dream it is nigh;  
In the Sunbeam that seems for a moment to sleep,  
As it plays on the Surface that covers the deep;  
In the Fortune of war, in the Plume of the brave,  
In the Surge as it chafes on the crest of the wave,  
I have ever been present:—and ever must be  
Tho' the Universe had its beginning with me;  
Tho' my fate is entwin'd with Eternity too,  
Yet perish I must, for I finish in You!

I. F.

ST. LEONARD'S MONASTERY,  
STAMFORD.

THE retentive reader may recollect an Engraving of "this interesting relic of monastic times," which appeared at p. 336, vol. xvi. of *The Mirror*. If his memory serve him, he will learn with some degree of interest, that "the beautiful western end of this edifice was *barked* by Vandals, about five months since, until it fell to the earth, and it was supposed to have left us 'like a baseless fabric.' We are pleased, however, to know that a few weeks since, several workmen were employed by the Marquess of Exeter to restore the Norman doorway. Most of the hammer-dressed work was fortunately rescued uninjured; but a considerable portion, through the frittering hand of time, and the destructive effects of the fall, were much damaged. The defaced parts are to be perfected with Roman cement, and made to resemble, as nearly as possible, the original parts of the work. About 750 years have elapsed since William the Conqueror, and Kairliph, Bishop of Durham, rebuilt this monastery. The late Lord Exeter partially repaired it about 30 years since, but it was left in a very insecure condition. A few days since, as the workmen were digging out footing for scaffold-poles, about four feet from the base of the west front, and a foot and a half from the surface of the earth, they came in contact with a stone coffin. Having cleared away the earth, a portion of the slab was removed, and a coarse shroud, or covering, and part of the skeleton, were seen in perfect

preservation. Since that period, the whole has been covered in. Many rumours as to the persons interred have been circulated by the antiquarian connoisseurs; but, as no inscription whatever is to be found upon the coffin, all is but conjecture. We think the remains are those of an ordinary ecclesiastic or monk, buried in his scapulary. St. Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, who flourished A.D. 750, the patron of St. Leonard's, was interred at Durham. It was he who introduced burying in churches and churchyards, which before was not permitted."

Stamford News.

## The Novelist.

## THE PURITAN'S GRAVE.\*

(By the Author of "*The Usurer's Daughter*.")

"MARK the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace," and such was the end of Ferdinand Faithful. At the period of the Restoration of Charles II. the spiritual charge of the village of Emmerton was in the care of Ferdinand Faithful, who had for twenty years with exemplary fidelity discharged the duties of his office. He was a man, rich in holy and apostolic simplicity, a Puritan, with all the virtues, and none of the spiritual vices which rendered obnoxious that sect. In the train of Charles II. came Sir Thomas Merrivale the lord of the manor of Emmerton, who, on a certain day, entered, with a gallant train of returned cavaliers, the village of Emmerton, to take possession of his patrimonial estates, from which he had been driven by Oliver Cromwell and his Parliament. Sir Thomas was a cavalier in the most significant acceptance of that character; his boisterous loyalty had been displayed by his forsaking his all for his prince, and plunging with him into all the profligacies and extravagances which Charles indulged in, in the capital of France at the period of his banishment. It was a stirring day, however, in the placid vale of Emmerton; all the village had turned out, save only the pious Ferdinand Faithful, whom such scenes, as he knew would be acted, comforted not. It was Ferdinand's prayer that the return of the king might be the establishment of peace, but doubting was mingled in the aspiration.

The wife and two daughters of the vicar, in their afternoon's stroll had just arrived at the usual termination of their walk, the village churchyard, when a slight cloud of dust arose at the distant summit of the long hill, where the road began to be visible. It

\* In a recent Number, we promised our readers a connected analysis of this exquisitely told tale; we fulfil the same, but earnestly recommend a perusal of the volumes themselves.

was the Royalist cavalcade. Mrs. Faithful shuddered at the sight; for through the mist that was around the party might be seen the glimmering of arms, and the waving of banners in the breeze; and scenes like this came to her recollection, when something more than pageantry was intended by them. The cavalcade moved rapidly towards the bridge, and it seemed as if the whole population of the neighbouring town of Derby had poured itself out to swell the triumphal procession. The bridge which crosses the river, near the churchyard, at the entrance of the village, is a very narrow, inconvenient structure, scarcely admitting the passage of a wheeled carriage; for, being built in the reign of King John, it was only of sufficient width for two horsemen to ride together side by side. When Sir Thomas Merrivale reached the bridge he saw the ladies and paused; and made a low obeisance to them after the gay and gallant manner on which the cavaliers prided themselves. Fain would Mrs. Faithful have shown all due respect to Sir Thomas on his return to the home of his youth, and to the inheritance which he had derived from his ancestors; but a deep depression came over her spirits, and she could not lift up her eyes to see the sight which did now solicit them. Anne Faithful was the only one of the three who saw the notice which Sir Thomas had taken; and she curtsied in a low and graceful manner. The sturdy Sir Thomas determined not to move a step farther till he should receive the greeting of all the ladies; for he regarded it as an ill omen, he said, if any fair lady should refuse to welcome a cavalier back to the halls of his ancestors. Rousing themselves, at length, they made a graceful obeisance to Sir Thomas Merrivale and his party, on which a loud shout of triumph burst from the assembled multitude. This sudden movement over the narrow pass of the bridge, and the discharge of several pieces of musketry, startled the horses on which the cavaliers were mounted; and one horse more impatient than the rest, making a sudden spring, bore himself and rider over the parapet of the bridge into the stream that ran below. The thoughtless company were first excited to laughter at the wetting of the cavalier; but the horse parted from the rider, the latter, from the arms and trappings with which he was encumbered, sinking in the river. Great was the bustle and distress and lamentation of the giddy crowd; but Mrs. Faithful and her daughters who were accustomed to relieve distress, immediately set about that they might contribute to the extrication of the unhappy youth, who was sunk in the gravelly bed of the stream. A coil of rope was procured, and calmly giving her instructions, the rustics who pressed into the churchyard, succeeded in rescuing the cavalier from a

watery grave, though not, as it then appeared, from a watery death. The voice of triumph was changed into the voice of mourning; Sir Thomas and his cavaliers rushed into the churchyard, and kneeled by the drowned man and called him loudly by his name; but he answered not. Then loud was the oath which the cavalier swore, and fearful was his agony. "Sir Thomas Merrivale," said Mrs. Faithful, "I pray you consider what you are saying. Is it becoming that a Christian man should thus boldly and blasphemously repine at the dispensations of his Maker?" But Sir Thomas, who, though he had no Christian piety, had the fashion of cavalier courtesy, turned to the lady and asked her pardon; "Pardon me, I pray you, that in the bitterness of my sorrow I should have uttered any sentiment unworthy of your ear; but there—there lies a friend who is more to me than life, and dearer to me than my own child." Having so said, he relapsed into his passionate exclamations, but Mrs. Faithful restrained him: "Have patience, Sir Thomas Merrivale," she said, "it may be that your friend yet lives. It has been our hap before now to restore to life those who seemed to be drowned irrecoverably." The drowned man was removed to the parsonage house, and the knight would fain have followed him; but it was necessary that he should proceed through the village to receive the congratulations of the people on his arrival at the seat of his ancestors.

Anne Faithful entered her father's study, where during the scene which had just been acting, he had continued intent upon his pleasing toils, gathering from amongst his books, those sweet thoughts which he might lay up in the hive of memory for the spiritual consolation and moral instruction of the people committed to his care. He heard indeed the shouting of the multitude, the braying of the trumpets, and the noise of the firing; but those sounds brought no gladness to his ear, rather were they solemn admonitions to prepare for severe trials, and to gird up the loins of his mind, for a spiritual conflict with the powers of darkness. "So, my beloved child," he said, "the deluded people have returned! It seemed from the tumult, as if the whole town of Derby was come with them." "Alas! my dear father," replied Anne Faithful, "I know not who is come, and who is not; but there is one who now demands under this roof your immediate assistance." "Which he shall have to the utmost of my ability, be he cavalier or not," replied the vicar.

So saying, he hastened to the apartment which was called the Stranger's Chamber, in which lay the drowned cavalier. The vicarage being so near the river, the banks of which being steep and precipitous, such accidents were not of unfrequent occurrence as that

which had just befallen ; Ferdinand Faithful was therefore skilled in the means of restoring suspended animation, and by following his directions they soon restored the cavalier to consciousness and life. The first use which the stranger made of his speech was, naturally, to ask "Where am I? What means this? Am I dreaming?" Ferdinand Faithful quieted the stranger's apprehensions, and informed him that by God's blessing he was among those who had been the happy instruments in rescuing him from death. "Am I in England?" said he in an agitation of doubtful joy. "You are in England," replied the vicar; "you are in the village of Emmerton, in the county of Derby; and in a few minutes, Sir Thomas Merrivale, your friend, shall be informed of your safety." Then breathing deeply, and incoherently connecting the past with the present, the stranger said, "Ah—yes—yes—I see—I understand—I have been nearly drowned in crossing the Channel;" but being benevolently solicited to compose himself, he fell into a gentle slumber, from which he awoke refreshed; when suddenly a sound of music fell upon his ear, which coming upon him at this time seemed soft and gentle, pure as an angel's worship and a seraph's praise. But it was nothing more than the unaccompanied voices of the family of Ferdinand Faithful, singing their evening hymn previously to retiring to rest; and if they did on this occasion make a louder and a livelier strain than usual, it was for the mercy by which they had been the means of saving a fellow creature from an early and sudden death.

When the young stranger woke next morning from his healing and quiet sleep, his blood having recovered its wonted flow, the pulse its healthy beat, he hastened to pay his respects to his benefactors. Greatly was the young cavalier charmed with the simplicity of manners of the family of Ferdinand Faithful. Far different society had he been accustomed to in the profligate city of Paris, among gay, banished cavaliers, who made a mockery of the sober seriousness of deportment which at that time prevailed in England. He admired the sweet seclusion of their dwelling, the sober cheerfulness of the good vicar, the aspect of Mrs. Faithful, and the unaffected good humour of her daughters. Just as breakfast had commenced, Sir Thomas Merrivale entered, impatient to see his young friend, and with unceremonious joy boisterously congratulated him; and then soliciting pardon for his want of courtesy and ill manners, "Od's my life, madam, I believe you have been the means of saving my boy's life!" "If I have saved the life of your son," replied Mrs. Faithful, "I am most happy, and need neither compliments nor thanks." "Not yet my son," answered the knight, "but if he behaves himself well and

is faithful to his king, that honour is in store. But if he turn out a milkop and a roundhead, I renounce him."

Henry St. John, for such was the young cavalier's name, was the son of Colonel St. John who lost his life in the royal cause at the battle of Naseby. The wife of Sir Thomas Merrivale having died at Paris, during the banishment of the Royalists, left an only daughter, Adelaide, who in consequence of this domestic affliction, became possessed of a deep sense of religion. Sir Thomas, fearing that his only daughter should become a Puritan, and being himself inclined to the Church of Rome, strove to occupy her attention with the exterior grandeur of the worship of that Church. She was converted by some Jesuits to the papal faith; and being a woman of meditation and reading, she devoted herself to religious seclusion. Disliking her seclusion from society, Sir Thomas sought among the banished cavaliers for some one by whom Adelaide might be so interested as to give up her solitude. Henry St. John being of good family, and a young man in general estimation, was diligently sought for by Sir Thomas. The young gentleman, though possessed of the levity and carelessness of the king's party, was not altogether frivolous; he loved manly sports, possessed considerable learning, and had carried off several prizes in the theological controversies at Oxford. So the knight thought that he might be an able disputant to prevent the young lady from adhering to a resolution which she had more than once expressed, of taking the veil in a French convent. Adelaide Merrivale and Henry St. John found so much entertainment in talking and disputing concerning theology and metaphysics, that they seemed to forget the lighter theme of love. The knight, however, taking it for granted that a courtship was going on, insisted on bringing Henry St. John into Derbyshire.

On the morning in question, Ferdinand Faithful welcomed Sir Thomas back to the seat of his ancestors, expressing a pious hope that all men might now live at peace with each other: "And I am sure," said Master Faithful, "that any one who has a recollection of the sad scenes which we have witnessed in our land, will not desire to see them repeated. We have all of us much to forget."

"Ay, ay," replied Sir Thomas Merrivale, "and much to remember too; and for myself, I tell you what Master Faithful, I shall always remember your kindness to my young friend; and if there should be any thing awkward in the settlement of the church, I will speak a good word for you. On my life, I think you are the most rational Puritan I ever met withal."

This was said by way of compliment, but

it was not so regarded by Ferdinand Faithful, who knew that thoughtless people took those to be most rational who were least religious. Now, Sir Thomas's opinion of religion may be illustrated by a conversation which occurred after this with the vicar. "Od's my life, Master Faithful, I will not be preached at. I have no objection to religion in its proper place, that is, *the church*, and administered in a proper manner, that is the surplice, and the prayer book, and the liturgy, and all that. But, to talk religion out of church is sheer blasphemy and sedition. Did not Oliver Cromwell cut off King Charles's head with texts of scripture? Look ye, my good fellow, keep the bible locked up in the church which is the proper place for it, and I'll warrant it will do no harm there."

"And very little good," replied Ferdinand Faithful.

So Sir Thomas in his joy invited Ferdinand Faithful up to the Hall, with all his family, to commemorate the Restoration; hard was the struggle which the vicar had with himself to comply with this invitation. "There is nothing but loyalty from Dan to Beersheba," said the knight on the day that he came down to insist on the appearance of the vicar at the jubilee, "so come you must, and come you shall." Little cause of rejoicing did Ferdinand foresee at the Restoration of Charles; but rather a deluge of iniquity upon the land, and that general relaxation of morals among all orders of society. The pressing importunity of Sir Thomas overcame him; "Would you stay at home and be a marked man?" These words went home to the good man's heart.

The day arrived, and great was the riot, and waste, and prodigal hospitality, at Emmerston Hall; such scenes were acted as had not been seen in that village before; fain would the vicar have been away: and after the dinner in the great hall, when the ladies withdrew, such speeches were made as are not fit to be repeated; and when they insisted that Ferdinand should drink a toast unbefitting his cloth, Henry St. John remonstrated against it, on which a furious quarrel arose, and Sir Thomas drew his sword on his intended son-in-law, and it was a mercy bloodshed did not ensue. Anne Faithful hearing of her father being mixed up in the quarrel, rushed in, and seeing St. John lying on the ground, for he had fallen in the scuffle with Sir Thomas, screamed and fainted. The presence of the ladies had the good effect of terminating the dispute; the cavaliers cared not of killing a man before God, but not for the world before a lady.

Anne Faithful being carried to an apartment was tended by Adelaide Merrivale, and a friendship sprung up between these two young ladies. Owing to the habitual cheerfulness of spirit which was so peculiar to

Anne Faithful, she presently recovered; her confiding cheerfulness returned to her, and she gracefully and gratefully thanked the young lady for the kind attentions which she received. Anne Faithful and Adelaide Merrivale had never met before; they had been educated in modes vastly different the one from the other, and the language of their lips, and the speculations of their understandings were not alike; but the inward principle of their hearts was the same, and by this they were attracted to each other.

Next day Sir Thomas Merrivale was at the parsonage to apologize to the vicar for the occurrences of the preceding evening. "This young spark," said he, pointing to St. John, "would not let me rest till I consented to yield to his importunities to come and ask pardon from the fright which we put you in yesterday by our brief passage of arms;" and the vicar was pressed to come up to the hall, in token that he had forgiven them. Henry St. John added his importunities, saying, "If you refuse us the favour, we shall conclude you feel resentment for what has passed."

This was an appeal not to be resisted, and Ferdinand Faithful went. When the party had dined, the knight proposed that they should take advantage of the fineness of the afternoon and stroll about the park. The knight thought this would be a good opportunity for Henry St. John to have the company of Adelaide; so he said, "Shall we go all together, or shall we divide. But how can we divide? We must not separate the affectionate family of the Faithfuls. Suppose you, Harry St. John, take Adelaide round one way, and I will take our good vicar and his family the other, that we may meet again at the south entrance to the Hall."

Adelaide suspected his design, she extended her hand to Anne Faithful: "I will so far separate the family as to beg Anne may be of our party," so Anne cheerfully joined her. Anne and St. John fell into a conversation, which the beauty of nature in Emmerston Park, and the warmth of youthful imagination provoked. Sir Thomas Merrivale was seen approaching quicker to meet them than they had expected; Adelaide rose hastily from a seat on which they had rested, saying to her companions—"I pray you set still while I go to meet my father I have somewhat to say to him." It were a long tale to tell what Anne and St. John did say and think on this occasion. They returned to the mansion, however, the one wondering that she should be interested for a cavalier, the other that he should feel a tender regard for a Puritan. Accident had thrown them together, and Anne Faithful from that night's conversation saw that a cavalier could entertain and express sentiments of religion, and Henry St. John found that the spirit of a



Puritan was not of necessity a spirit of narrowness and bigotry.

The circumstance of Henry St. John's affection for the Puritan's daughter came at last to the ears of Sir Thomas Merrivale. The infuriated cavalier's first impulse was to proceed to Adelaide's study to vent his rage for having encumbered herself with that puritan chit, Anne Faithful, on the evening in question, and for leaving St. John and her together.

[Continued in the SUPPLEMENT, published with the present Number.]

## Manners and Customs.

### WELL-FLOWERING.

WE have occasionally referred to the celebrated custom of decorating springs and fountains with flowers in the early ages; and, those who are conservative of old customs will be happy to learn that the festival has not yet fallen into complete desuetude in our own island. At the village of Tissington, near Ashborne, in Derbyshire, the custom of well-flowering has long been observed on every anniversary of Holy Thursday. Accordingly, the celebration took place on Thursday the 16th ult. By 10 o'clock, gay parties on foot, and in various vehicles, were seen making for the place of festivity, where everything wore the aspect of an universal holiday. At the usual hour, service was performed in Tissington Church, and an appropriate sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Gibbs. After this was concluded, the clergyman, accompanied by the church singers and a number of instrumental performers, together with the villagers and visitors, formed a procession, and visited the several wells, five in number, in the village, at each of which the psalms for the day were read, and a hymn sung. This service, which occupied a considerable time, ended the ceremonies of the day; and the remainder was devoted to rural sports and holiday pastimes. The wells were decorated with garlands of newly-gathered flowers, disposed in various devices. The mode of producing the various representations seemed to be thus:—Boards were cut into the required forms, and covered with moist clay, into which the stems of the flowers were inserted, to preserve their freshness, and so arranged as to form a beautiful mosaic work: when thus adorned, the boards were so disposed at the springs, that the water appeared to issue from beds of flowers. Thus, a number of texts from Scripture were written in flowers. Miss Goodwin's Well, (very elegantly decorated,) had the inscription: "Blessed are they that do his commandments;" the Town Well had the words: "Thanks be to God;" Hand's Well: "I go to prepare a place for you," and

"holiness to the Lord;" Miss Frith's Well, situated in a retired nook, and beautifully ornamented, "Our Saviour is gone up on high;" and the Hall Well, "He is our great reward, he hath done great things for us." The editor of the *Derbyshire Courier* thinks the latter Well showed the flower-work to greater advantage than any other; from its excellent situation, and the ivy-mantled arch by which it is overhung, forming, as it were, a rich frame to the floral picture. The ceremony at Tissington originated in a traditional story, that at a very remote period, this village was the only place for many miles which afforded a plentiful supply of water to the neighbouring villages—and that the gratitude of the simple-hearted peasantry established the annual spectacle of "flowering the Wells." Such, at least, is the conjecture in the *Derbyshire Courier*; but, Mr. Rhodes, in his *Peak Scenery*, regards the custom as a relic of more remote ages: "Great festivals were annually celebrated at the fountain of Arethusa, in Syracuse, in honour of the goddess Diana, who was fabled to preside over its water, and the *Fontinalia* of the Romans were religious observances dedicated to the nymphs of wells and fountains, in which rites the throwing flowers upon streams, and decorating the wells with crowns of flowers, formed the chief ceremonies."

Tissington is the seat of the Fitzherbert family, (Baronets,) the chief part of the estates having descended to them from the Meynells, in the fifteenth century. The village is environed with delightful mountainous scenery, and consists of three or four streets, irregularly built, and branching off from the village green; the chief buildings being the church, or rather chapel, and the mansion of the Fitzherbert's. The principal Well is called St. Helen's, and is in the street, opposite to Sir Henry Fitzherbert's house: the water flows from a very large stone basin into two smaller ones, and thence runs down the road. This well is surmounted with a large stone alcove. The inhabitants of Tissington appear to vie with each other in dressing the Wells in their respective neighbourhoods: the number of flowers requisite for the occasion is surprisingly great, and the stranger would wonder where they were obtained; although nearly every house has its front garden.

Mr. Rhodes prefixes a few interesting notes to his record of the Tissington ceremony. Shaw, in his *History of the Province of Morray*, observes that heathenish customs were much practised among the people there; and, as an instance, he cites that "they performed pilgrimages to wells, and built chapels in honour of their fountains." The practice of throwing flowers upon the Severn and other rivers of Wales, as alluded to by Milton, in his *Comus*, and Dyer, in his *Fleece*, is

unquestionably a remnant of this ancient usage. Speaking of the goddess Sabrina, Milton says :

The shepherds at their festivals,  
Carol her good deeds loud in rustic lays,  
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,  
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.

Dyer's words are these :

With light fantastic toe, the nymphs  
Thither assembled, thither ev'ry swain ;  
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flowers,  
Pale lilies, roses, violets and pinks,  
Mixed with green of burnet, mint, and thyme,  
And trefoll, sprinkled with their sportive arms :  
Such custom holds along th' irriguous vales,  
From Wrekin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn.

### Spirit of Discovery.

#### THE CASPIAN SEA.

[COLONEL MONTEITH, in the *Journal of his Tour through Azerbajan and the Shores of the Caspian*, relates the following meteorological phenomena of the province of Ghilan :]

The climate of this province is so unhealthy as to have given rise to the saying, "Whoever is tired of his life, let him go to Ghilan;" and the port of Resht is the worst, even the inhabitants bearing signs of its malignity. Fevers, dropsies, and enlargement of the spleen, are the most common disorders; and cutaneous eruptions are so common as not to be here considered disease. The quantity of rain that falls in Ghilan far exceeds that of any other of the Caspian provinces; this appears to be occasioned by the prevalence of north-east winds blowing directly into this bend of the Caspian, here backed by very high mountains, which arrest the clouds, and occasion their descending in torrents of rain in a very confined space. To such a degree does this wind prevail, that all the trees on the mountain are bent in a contrary direction. Cotton will not grow, and the fruits have an acid and harsh taste. Sugar canes and orange trees, which abound in Mazanderan, are here only cultivated as ornamental plants. A most singular phenomenon is said (for I did not witness it myself) to exist during the winter season. A hot, southerly wind sometimes springs up, which instantly changes the temperature in a remarkable manner, and immediately dries wood and other inflammable substances to such a degree as to render them liable to take fire from the slightest spark. The police are sent round to caution the people to extinguish their fires, as many serious accidents have taken place. This generally lasts twenty-four hours, and is immediately followed by a gale from the north-east, bringing snow and rain. As the mountains and high places of Persia are at that season covered with snow, this wind cannot derive its heat from coming over them, nor are there any satisfactory means of ac-

counting for it. I did not at first give credit to the story; however, on inquiring from many people of all ranks, as well in the towns as in the surrounding hamlets, I invariably received the same account.

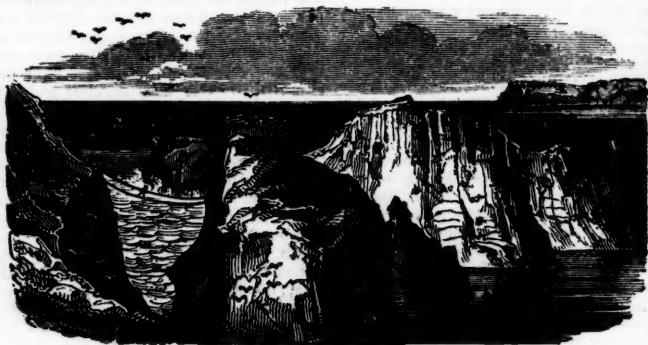
[The Colonel's observations on the controverted level of the Caspian, are still more entitled to quotation.]

Perhaps no question has been so much agitated, or at present remains in such doubt, as the actual level of the Caspian, and the variation which it has been supposed to be subject to. I will here state what information I have been able to collect on the subject. Not having then met with the observations of Engleheart, I had no idea that the Caspian was really lower than the ocean; and on finding water boiled at three-quarters of a degree of Fahrenheit higher (212½), I concluded that either some accident had happened to the thermometer, or the water contained impurities, which might occasion it. Fortunately, having four excellent thermometers, one of which had been constructed at the Observatory of Paris, I procured a quantity of distilled water, and repeated the experiment in vessels made expressly for the occasion; the result was invariably the same, which would give a difference (if the same law hold good above and below the boiling point) of 390 feet below the ocean. Considering this as impossible, I took no further notice of the experiments till I saw the measurements of Engleheart, stated at 54 toises, French measure, ascertained by a long series of barometrical observations. I will not say whether this question has been finally decided or not, my observations were purely accidental, having no idea that a difference to that extent existed. Another question has been almost equally discussed, viz.—To what variations the Caspian itself is subject? The people of Enzillon say that it rises and falls several feet in periods of nearly thirty years, independent of the accidental and temporary rise and fall of four feet, occasioned by the long prevalence of winds from any particular quarter. This I have often witnessed; but the greatest variation was three and a half feet, during which three distinct and very high surfs broke along the western coast; the first at a mile from the shore. Several authors have treated on the rise and fall at different periods. Hanway, in the papers he has written on that subject, mentions that, in 1746, the sea was much higher than when the expedition under Peter the Great sailed, in 1722, at which time there were only six feet of water in the channel of the Volga, but in Hanway's, twelve. In 1784, Forster remarked that the water had risen to such a height as to bring down the sea wall of Bakoo; whereas the sea was, in 1828, distant from the nearest buildings of the city of Bakoo at least a quarter of a mile. The mouths of the Volga

can, however, never be taken as a fair criterion, as that river must always be the principal agent in forming the depths of the channel, as also being itself subject to great rises. My experience extending only from the year 1811 to 1828, I cannot pretend to decide this point, except that, during that period, the Caspian, as well as *every other lake in Persia*, decreased most sensibly in depth. In the lake, or back-water, of Euzilli, three new islands (besides the original one, called Mian Pushta) have made their appearance, and are now covered with reeds and grass, where cattle pasture,—even a few wil-

low bushes are springing up. The back-water of Gemishawan, near Lankeran, is now fordable, which it was not in 1812; and, as I before observed, having no defences on the sea side, was nearly taken by the Persians in the year 1826, the town *now standing a quarter of a mile from the water.*

(Extracted from vol. iii. part 1. of the *Journal of the Geographical Society of London*. In the *SUPPLEMENT* published with the present Sheet, the reader will find an interesting account of a recent Ascent of the Peter Bottle Mountain, illustrated with a fine large Engraving; for which novelties we are also indebted to the Society's *Journal*.)



### FLYING BRIDGE.

The cut represents a portion of the coast of Antrim, at the northern extremity of Ireland. This romantic spot is called Carrick-a-Rede, or Carrick-a-Ramhad, *i. e.* the rock in the road; because it interrupts the salmon in their passage along the coast. It consists of an insulated crag of rudely prismatic basalt, connected with the main land by a bridge of ropes, thrown across a chasm sixty feet in breadth, and eighty-four in depth. Its contrivance is as follows:—

“Two strong cables, parallel to each other, are fastened to rings, inserted in the solid rock, on each side of the chasm, and the narrow interval of the ropes is occupied by a boarded path-way. The danger in crossing is attributable to an irregularity in planting the foot upon the board, which of course recoils against the impression too soon, and precipitates the unguarded and courageous venturer into the deep chasm below. Persons accustomed to walk along planks may safely venture over, and the women and boys attached to the fishery, carry great loads across with the utmost contempt of danger, and apparent ease. This dangerous mode of communication exists only for a part of the year, *viz.* during the fishing season; immediately after which it is removed, but restored

again the ensuing season. It should be remarked, that the Island of Carrick-a-Rede is of nearly equal elevation with the main land, 350 feet. In the cliffs, near the island, is a very beautiful cave, about thirty feet in height, formed entirely of columnar basalt, of which the bases appear to have been removed, so that the unsupported polygonal columns compose the cave.

“The chief use of this insulated rock appears to be that of interrupting the salmon, who annually coast along the shore in search of rivers, in which to deposit their spawn. Their passage is generally made close to the shore, so that Carrick-a-Rede is very opportunely situated for projecting the interrupting nets. It will here be inquired, why the fishermen do not spare themselves the trouble of throwing across this very dangerous bridge, and approach the island by water; but this is perfectly impracticable, owing to the extreme perpendicularity of the basaltic cliffs on every side, except in one small bay, which is not accessible but at particular periods. This fishery, and indeed all those along the northern coast are very productive. The only residents in the little cottage on the Island are the clerk and fishermen, and they remain only during the summer months. The



fishermen are paid, and all the expenses of fishing defrayed, by proportionate allowances of salmon."

We are indebted for these details to the clever *Guide to the Giant's Causeway*, by the Rev. G. N. Wright, A.M.; the illustrations to which are executed in a superior style by Mr. G. Cooke.

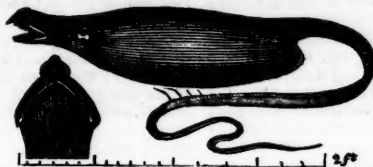
### The Naturalist.

#### NEW SEA SERPENT.

This new marine serpentiform animal is the subject of an interesting paper read before the Royal Society, about six years since, by Dr. Harewood, Professor of Natural History in the Royal Institution. The specimen described by Dr. Harewood was taken in Davis's Straits, by Captain Sawyer, of the ship *Harmony*, of Hull, whilst he was pursuing the bottle-nosed porpoise. It was found lying on the surface of the water, and was at first supposed to be an inflated seal-skin, as employed by the Esquimaux to attach to their harpoons, for the purpose of wearying out the larger aquatic animals by its buoyant power. From its continued endeavours, ap-

parently, to gorge a species of perch, of greater circumference than itself, it was in a very exhausted state; and was easily captured. Captain Sawyer brought home the animal preserved in rum. It is about 4 ft. 6 in. in length, is very slender, and the tail has a filamentous termination, occupying about 20 inches of the entire length of the animal. The colour is a purplish black, the filamentous portion of the tail being lighter than the rest. From near the extremity of the snout, a sac extends about 20 inches down the body; this appendage, when partially inflated, is about 9 inches in circumference, and its greatest width, including the slender body of the animal, is 4 inches; its only use appears to be that of a float. The animal has a single row of teeth above and below; no teeth on the palatal bones, and is destitute of a tongue. The jaws are so long, and their articulation of such a nature, that their opening is wider even than that of the rattlesnake.

From its partial resemblance to the Ophidian reptiles, and its large sac, Dr. Harewood has named this curious creature, *Ophiognathus ampullaceus*, or bottle-like.



(New Sea Serpent.)

#### THE NIGHTINGALE.

(By a Correspondent of the Field Naturalist's Magazine.)

This renowned songster is of a size, intermediate, between the thrushes and the warblers; at least, he is much larger than any of our British warblers; and one of the continental nightingales, the *Sylvia Philomela* of M. Temminck, (or, as I should prefer terming it, the *Philomela major*), is a still larger bird. From its usual habit, however, of puffing up its plumage, the nightingale generally appears more bulky than it really is. But they vary considerably in size, and the variation does not indicate the sex, some of both sexes being much larger than others. The hue of the plumage, also, is subject to much variation, some of both sexes being of a rufous tinge, and others inclining to an ash-brown. The sexes, therefore, in this bird are not to be distinguished, either by the colour of their plumage, or by their comparative size.

It makes its first appearance in the neighbourhood of London about the middle of April, the period of its arrival being most remarkably regular, generally even to a day.

The females, however, do not arrive until ten days or a full fortnight after the males; a curious fact which may be observed in all our small migratory birds. It resorts chiefly to woods and thickets, and is often found in large double hedges, and in gardens where there are plenty of thick shrubs. In such situations its powerful and loud song may be heard at all hours over that of every other bird. Like the various warblers, he is very shy of being seen, and is usually concealed in the thickest part of a bush, or small tree, where as soon as he has fixed his abode, he sings almost incessantly until his notes have attracted a mate; after which he is not quite so much heard, though he continues to sing until the young are hatched, when his song ceases for the season. It is well worthy of remark, that caged nightingales, also, cease to sing at precisely the same time with the wild birds, being seldom if ever heard after the first week in June.

The characteristic trait of the nightingale's song consists in his very superior powers of execution; he has an infinite variety of the most beautiful and complex rolls and quavers, all of which are delivered with a perspicuity

Whit's Feb. 1881.

and richness of tone peculiar to himself. The best description, however, would convey but an inadequate idea of the musical powers of the nightingale; he must be heard to be duly appreciated. His song is generally wild and unconnected, like that of the thrush; but when he joins his notes a little, as he sometimes though rarely does, nothing can be conceived more exquisite. His habit also of singing during the calm stillness of the night, when almost without a competitor, adds considerably to the effect. To hear him, however, in perfection we should ramble along the margin of a wood on a fine spring morning; when, after a passing shower, the sun bursts forth in all his splendour, and nature smiles in all her vernal loveliness; when drops of water glisten through the opening leaves, and every breeze wafts fragrance; then it is the feathered choristers are heard in all their melody; the thrilling music of the thrush; the deep-toned mellow warble of the blackbird; the whistling of the willow-wren and blackcap, loud and clear; the charming, ever-varied song of the little garden warbler, rising and falling in softest, sweetest cadences on the enraptured sense; with the joint chorus of a thousand little throats each striving to excel the rest in harmony; while the murmuring of the turtles, and the pleasing call of the cuckoo serve to furnish variety, and to give an exquisite finish to the whole,—then it is the nightingale is heard to advantage; high over all the rest he makes the woods re-echo to his song of joy.

The nightingale may easily be distinguished from all other British songsters by the wonderfully clear and distinct manner in which he executes an endless variety of most complicated and inimitable shakes and quavers. His song indeed is quite unlike that of any other British bird, and many of his most frequently repeated notes are known to the London dealers by particular names. Thus, one that is universally admired, is that which is commonly called by them "sweet-jug," from a fancied resemblance in the sound. It is a note that he frequently utters, and may be tolerably expressed thus, *huep, huip, huipp, hueep, hueep, hueep, hueep, chuck, chuck*; the former part to be pronounced very slowly, in a kind of half whisper, half whistle; the latter part "chuck," is repeated about a dozen times, and so quick and distinct as to set all imitation at defiance: sometimes instead of *chuck* it is terminated by a kind of roll, resembling *tottle-tottle-tottle*; this sudden transition from high to very deep notes has an extremely pleasing effect. Other remarkably fine notes have been likened to the words *water-bubble whitlow*, &c. This mode of illustrating the song of a bird may perhaps at first sight appear unnecessary, but it is the

only method in which a just idea can be given; and if by this description the bird should be immediately recognised by those who had not before heard it, as I conceive it would, the object is, of course, accomplished.

When the nightingale is singing, concealed in a bush, he will not suffer himself to be approached too near, and though he does not immediately fly, he ceases to sing, and signifies his displeasure by a peculiar croak—resembling the word *curre*, pronounced with a rolling of the *r's*,—and if, upon his repeating this three or four times, the intruder should not retire, he flies to another bush; yet if he be approached very gently so that he should not be frightened, he will sometimes show himself and sing within a couple of yards of the spectator, when the wonderful distension of his throat will be very obvious, and when it is impossible not to admire the lightness and elegance of his form, and the amazing long hops he frequently takes from bough to bough.

After the young are hatched, should any person approach their nest, the parent nightingales are extremely clamorous, uttering a loud and very plaintive monotonous cry, (resembling *hueep*), and repeating at intervals their usual croak, so well known in places where nightingales abound. The nest is, however, most exceedingly difficult to discover; the colour of the eggs and also of the young birds being exactly that of the ground, or rather of the decayed leaves among which, under covert of a thick bush, the nest is usually concealed.

It appears from the experiments of Montagu, that if the hen nightingale be taken from her nest, the male will resume his song, and continue to sing till very late in the summer, or until his notes have attracted another mate. From this, therefore, it would seem, that the reason the nightingale ceases his song at Midsummer, is, that his whole time is then occupied in procuring food for his young family; but as it is well known that caged nightingales that have no nestlings to provide for, cease to sing at precisely the same time with the wild birds, we must of course endeavour to assign some other cause for its silence.

The very partial distribution of this bird can only be accounted for by a peculiarity of food, which may be found in some places and not in others. Montagu observes that the young were principally fed upon a kind of small, green caterpillar. It has been said, that the nightingale may possibly not be found in any part but where cowslips grow plentifully; and with respect to Devonshire and Cornwall this coincidence is just, but in the woods of Norwood and Dulwich near London, where the nightingale is extremely abundant, the cowslip is not found. Like all other small migratory birds, it will return

year after year to the spot where it first took up its abode; and I have thus often noticed it in gardens and places where I never should expect to have found it, but which were probably at one time more shrubby, and more congenial accordingly to its general habits.

## The Public Journals.

### ANECDOTES OF THE LATE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.

(Concluded from page 217.)

**The Celebrated Mortar.**—It having been announced that an experiment would be made on the 94-inch (English) mortar on the heath of Braeschaet, a number of generals and officers of all arms proceeded to that village. The previous experiments made at Liege had not succeeded, either from some defect in the shell, or in the mode of firing. It had been tried with the usual wooden sabot, as well as with a wad of twisted straw; but, with one or two exceptions, the projectile burst at the moment of quitting the piece. This was attributed to a want of thickness in the shell, particularly of the culot or part coming in contact with the charge, which, from the great diameter of the cavity, had not sufficient thickness to resist the shock of the powder and concussion of the air. Fresh shells were subsequently directed to be cast.

The first eight or ten experiments were made with the dead shell filled with its proper weight in sand, and fired with various charges, from six to twelve pounds, gradually increasing. No accident occurred. The artillery officers being satisfied with these trials, the shell was loaded to a third, and so on to its full charge, upwards of a barrel and a quarter. One shell alone burst out of six, at the mouth of the piece; the remainder fell near the target, and exploded with a fierce detonation, tearing up many cubic feet of earth, and scattering splinters to the distance of 450 yards. The shells were hoisted to a level with the mouth of the cylinder by means of a chevalet supporting a swivel bar, on the one end of which were suspended two chains with hooks to catch the rings of the shell, and on the other a weight nearly equalling that of the projectile; it was easily raised by this means, and then lowered without any jar into the chamber. A straw-twisted wad was employed as a sabot. The operation of loading required an average of 37 minutes to 50. The vent was fitted with a spring detonator, and the man who fired stood behind a traverse and pulled the spring with a long cord.

The experiment having succeeded, it was resolved to bring the mortar into Antwerp, and preparations were made to place it in battery on the covered way of the bastion of the city, between the re-entering place of arms of Montebello and the Malines gate. Eight horses were required to draw the car-

riage on which it was placed, and eight others to draw the carriage containing the bed. The weight of the empty shells being nearly 1,000 lbs. it is easy to calculate the number of these projectiles that could be moved in any ordinary ammunition wagon. The weight of the bed, which is of timber, is not given in the scale, but it may be taken as at somewhat more than the mortar itself, making altogether about 30,000 lbs.; add to this 110 shells for 100 rounds at 1,000 lbs. each, and 110 barrels of 90 lbs. each, and it gives the enormous dead weight of 70 tons, exclusive of gins, triangle, chevalet, carriage, and sundries. The name of Monster-mortar seems to have been well selected, for it is scarcely possible to conceive a more ugly or unwieldy implement. With the exception of the mortar at Moscow, which has thirty-six inches in diameter at the mouth of the cylinder, and was, if ever used, employed for projecting masses of granite, the monster-mortar exceeds any other weapon of the kind hitherto known. The original conception is due to Colonel Paixhans; it was executed under the direction of Baron Evain, and cast at the Belgian royal foundry at Liege.

**Firing.**—At midnight, the twenty-four-inch mortar was loaded with twelve and a half pounds of powder, and the first discharge took place. The huge projectile, of which the internal charge was fifty-four pounds of powder and combustibles, was watched with anxiety as it made its parabola, and a look-out person stationed on the tower of St. André reported that it had fallen and exploded near the great powder magazine at the gorge of bastion Fernando. The success of the experiment was thus demonstrated. At the second shot, which took place nearly an hour later, the shell burst on issuing from the mouth of the mortar, not by explosion from the fuze, but from the weakness of the projectile itself. Great care was therefore ordered to be taken in selecting others, of which the culots were thicker. "The enemy," says General Chassé, in speaking of this mortar, in his report of the 21st, "have put the seal to their brutal and barbarous mode of proceeding, by firing from the great monster-mortar, so long announced."

The dimensions are as follow:

Diameter of Shell .....	24 in.
Thickness, exclusive of culot ..	2½
Weight of empty shell .....	916 lb.
Powder contained in shell ....	99 "
Weight of Shell, full charge ....	1015 "
Calibre, massive .....	1666 "
Weight of mortar (metal) .....	14,700 "
" bed (wood) .....	16,000 "
Powder in Chamber (full) .....	30 ..

The French weight has been preserved purposely for the sake of greater accuracy.

**Smokeless Affair.**—We can vouch for the

correctness of the following anecdote:—On rushing into the breach, and descending with charged bayonets into the *terre-plein*, the Lieutenant Duverger, commanding the grenadiers of the 65th, sprung on the Dutch officer, and having secured him, expressed his surprise, in no measured terms, at the want of energy of the garrison, adding, "Sir! if I were your general, I would bring you to a court-martial for not having done your duty." We give this as it was repeated to us by Lieutenant Duverger himself, on the morning subsequent to the affair, in the presence of many other persons. That there was not the shadow of an attempt at defence there is no doubt; indeed, nearly fifty men threw down their arms and escaped by flying into the caponnière, whilst the remainder were found in a supplicating attitude. It is, however, just to the lieutenant to say, that he honourably performed his duty. The above remarks equally affect both defenders and assailants, for where there was no struggle, no defence, there could be no great glory in the achievement; and we may take upon ourselves to state, that when one of the officers commanding an assaulting column was promised a recommendation for the Legion of Honour, he replied to the General (Haxo), "It will be the happiest day of my life when I receive such a distinction, but I do not feel that I deserve it; for we did not fire or receive a shot."

*French wounded Soldiers.*—As a psychological illustration of national character, it may not be uninteresting to observe that the wounded almost invariably preserved their gaiety under the greatest bodily torment. Their replies or exclamations on these occasions, though often breathing the noblest sentiments, bore the stamp of almost dramatic excitement. Under similar circumstances the British soldier supports pain with his accustomed national firmness and impassibility; reserving, if badly wounded, his strength and resources for the moment of operation, generally more painful than the wound itself. The clenched jaw and contracted brow are the only indications of his bodily agony. The Frenchman, on the other hand, laughs, and as it were endeavours to outwit torture: he seems to bid defiance to pain, and try to overcome corporeal suffering by redoubling his wonted loquacity. Deep resignation and patience show themselves in the one; utter heedlessness and indifference in the other. The courage of the two people in the day of battle has not been inaptly assimilated, the one to the gay bearing of a gallant hastening to a feast; the other, to the tranquil demeanour of a man entering a church.

*Terrific Affair.*—An accident occurred at a descent, which, for awhile, caused considerable panic. A bomb fell at the very mouth, where, it exploded, killing one lieu-

tenant of the 25th, two sappers, one voltigeur, and wounding another. The concussion of air was so great that the lights were extinguished, and the gallery being filled with smoke and left in utter darkness, officers and men at the bottom supposed the roof had given way and that they were buried; and, as the lateral gallery was not yet completely opened, there was no escape on that side. After a few moments' anxious suspense they were re-assured by hearing the voice of a vivandière, who, though a second bomb followed close on the heels of the first, killing two and wounding three men, with the utmost coolness walked down, and calling to one of the miners said, "Here's your dram, but you must drink from your hand, for the cursed shell has broken my glasses."

*The Last Shot.*—Immediately after the arrival of the Dutch officers at Berchem orders were issued to stop the fire of the besieging batteries, and an officer with a white flag was directed to hasten to the breaching battery, and thence to communicate with the garrison, in order that General Chassé might issue similar instructions to his gunners, who, not being aware of what was passing, continued to fire a few rounds after the French batteries had entirely ceased. The last shot from the flank of Fernando carried off the arm of a French artillery officer in battery 15. At ten a.m. the fire ceased entirely on both sides, having been maintained by the Dutch from mid-day on the 30th of November, altogether 22 days and 22 hours; and by the French, from 11 a.m. on the 4th of December, making 18 days and 23 hours,—the former having expended 42,000 rounds, and the latter upwards of 63,000, the half of which were hollow projectiles, of which a large proportion passed over the citadel. The moment the batteries ceased firing, the garrison crowded the parapets and ramparts, and some of the besiegers having dashed into the water, waded across the ditch, and, scrambling up the breach, shook hands with the defenders. It was stipulated that both parties should abstain from working during the progress of the negotiations; but some of the garrison, unknown to the governor, having been seen occupied in clearing the breach, and repairing the parapet of Toledo, and the embrasures in Fernando, the General commanding the trenches immediately gave notice, that the fire would be re-opened if this was continued. No further act of hostility took place.

*United Service Journal.*

#### FRAGMENTS FROM METASTASIO.

Ah! me, how readily we all can deem  
Evil of others! Miserable effect  
Of too much love we bear ourselves! Our pride  
Is flatter'd by the baseness of our fellows;  
And their worst loss is still our dearest gain.  
Every man loves to be companion'd, while

He walks in error; every man would see  
 All others miss the way, when he walks right;  
 And thus we call things by wrong names. In us  
 Fear is discreet,—servility most modest;  
 While all men's modesty, except our own  
 Is servile, and all prudence cowardly;  
 So we keep good friends with ourselves. Of others,  
 The evil regard comes quickly—the good slow.

The freeborn fountain  
 Child of the mountain,  
 The closer pent  
 In imprisonment,  
 Its waters were,  
 The lighter leaps,  
 And the brighter keeps  
 Its pathway in upper air.  
 So the noble soul,  
 Whom fate to-day  
 Weighs down—to-morrow  
 Without control,  
 Will wing his way  
 Through the paths of story,  
 And win of sorrow  
 Exceeding glory.

*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

#### SPLENDID MARINE SCENERY.

*(From Tom Cringle's Log.)*

I HAD heard much of the magnificence of the scenery in the Bight of Leogane, but the reality far surpassed what I had pictured to myself.

The breeze, towards noon of the following day, had come up in a gentle air from the westward, and we were gliding along before it like a spread eagle, with all our light sails abroad to catch the sweet zephyr, which was not even strong enough to ruffle the silver surface of the landlocked sea, that glowed beneath the blazing mid-day sun, with a dolphin here and there cleaving the shining surface with an arrowy ripple, and a brown-skinned shark glaring on us, far down in the deep, clear, green profound, like a water fiend, and a slow-sailing pelican overhead, after a long sweep on poised wing, dropping into the sea like lead, and flashing up the water like the bursting of a shell, while we sailed up into a glorious amphitheatre of stupendous mountains, that rose gradually from the hot sandy plains that skirted the shore, covered with one eternal forest; while what had once been smiling fields, and rich sugar plantations, in the long misty level districts at their bases, were now covered with brushwood, fast rising up into one impervious thicket; and as the Island of Gonave closed in the view behind us to seaward, the sun sank beyond it, amidst rolling masses of golden and blood-red clouds, giving token of a goodly day to-morrow, and gilding the outline of the rocky islet (as if to a certain depth it had been transparent) with a golden halo, gradually deepening into imperial purple. Beyond the shadow of the tree-covered islet, on the left hand, rose the town of Port-au-Prince, with its long streets rising like terraces on the gently swelling shore, while the mountains behind it, still gold-

tipped in the declining sunbeams, seemed to impend frowningly over it, and the shipping in the roadstead at anchor off the town were just beginning to fade from our sight in the gradually increasing darkness, and a solitary light began to sparkle in a cabin window and then disappear, and to twinkle for a moment in the piazzas of the houses on shore like a will-of-the-wisp, and the chirping buzz of myriads of insects and reptiles was coming off from the island astern of us, borne on the wings of the light wind, and charged with rich odours from the closing flowers, "like the sweet south, soft breathing o'er a bed of violets," when a sudden flash and a jet of white smoke puffed out from the hill-fort above the town, the report thundering amongst the everlasting hills, and gradually rumbling itself away into the distant ravines and valleys, like a lion growling itself to sleep, and the shades of night fell on the dead face of nature like a pall, and all was undistinguishable.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### Notes of a Reader.

##### A PASIEKA, OR BEE FARM.

[In one of Mrs. Gore's *Polish Tales* we find the following delightful picture of a Bee-farm in Poland, with the economy and sweet simplicity of its inmates.]

In Poland, with the pristine, pious, and honest-hearted people of Zmujdz, the bees, the chief source of their wealth and prosperity, have obtained a sanctity exceeding even that of the redbreast in our own country. To put a bee wantonly to death is regarded as a sin;—to neglect their health and comfort, as a fault;—and the result of the superstitious veneration with which the bee farmers watch over their hives is rewarded by an excess of tameness and a degree of mutual understanding, such as these winged usurers rarely exhibit in other countries. Instances of familiarity and anecdotes of instinct are cited round the hearth by the Samogitians, incontestably authenticated, but bordering on the marvellous.

The province of Zmujdz, or Samogitia, is perhaps the only one in Poland or even in Europe, where ignorance and superstition in their grossest form have wrought no evil on the moral character of the people: and whether attributable to the bounty of nature which has blessed them with ample competence, without the enervating means of luxury,—or to the protecting influence of the Pantheon of household divinities, so vaunted by the Samogitians of old, certain it is that they retain the purity and simplicity of the antique time, and live for the worship and service of God,—contented,—laborious,—virtuous,—cheerful;—ignorant alike of the corruptions generated by populous cities, and



the vices and struggles of surrounding nations; nay, almost beyond the influence of the political misfortunes of their own.

Clothed with luxuriant woods, fed by a thousand fertilizing streams, and presenting a rich and diversified surface, Samogitia is parcelled into commodious farms rather than divided among a few insatiate magnats, as in the adjoining province of Lithuania. The few nobles who possess territories in the province are men unconnected with the Court and resident on their estates.

On the banks of a rapid brook skirting extensive woodlands in one of the most favoured districts of the province, stood the *Pasieka* of *Zwieta*; a farm which had descended to the good *Jakób* *Bremglicz*, its present proprietor, from a race of ancestors tracing the legendary yeomanship of the family to the illustrious reign of *Sigismund Augustus*.—He was a worthy, warm-hearted man;—comely, healthy, wealthy, and even wise according to the highest acceptation of the term: for he knew the path of duty, and walked in it humbly and steadfastly. But this was the limit of his knowledge. The schools now established in Samogitia had not come into operation in time to include the good *Jakób* among their neophytes; and notwithstanding his privilege of crying “*Veto*,” in the senate as loudly as a *Radzivil* or a *Sapieha*, notwithstanding his goodly pastures, nobly-timbered woods, and high account in the neighbourhood, his smattering of scholarship endowed him with little reading, and less penmanship. Yet small as was this advance in civilization, it sufficed to render him the intellectual president of the simple, rural population among which he lived and prospered; whose veneration was lavished upon *Jakób* and his wife *Józefa*, (or as she was termed by the custom of the province, *Jakubowa*, or *Madam Jakób*)—as upon the wisest, virtuouslest, discreetest, best, and even happiest couple in the district!

Of their three children, *Dzidzilia*, the eldest daughter, was already in her seventeenth year; while *Benisia* and her brother *Janek* were children of nine and ten, and still under the vigilant tutorage of their aunt *Anulka*, the sister of *Jakób*; a spinster whose early education in the Ursuline convent at the neighbouring town of *Rosienie*,—caused her to be venerated among the Bee Farmers as a semi saint, and full and perfect philosopher.

Under these distinctions, sister *Anulka* was by no means proud. Her disposition was as sweet as the mild or honey turned to such good account under her presidency; and had any healing or peace-making been required in a family where, by the blessing of Heaven, all was gentleness, happiness, and love, the mild spinster was the very person to have smoothed down irritations, and softened asperities.

But at the *Pasieka* of *Zwieta* nothing of the kind existed!—The farm flourished; the children flourished; the bees flourished; while the neighbours applauded, and the parents gave thanks to Providence with smiles on their rubicund faces, and tears in their clear blue eyes. The rich incense of the bee-garden formed a fragrant atmosphere round their dwelling; and the hives that rose like golden globes in the stages of the hive shed, and the wild swarms cultivated as stock, in the woodlands of the farm, seemed to rejoice in contributing to the stores of the happy family. Sometimes, indeed, late in the autumn, the bears were known to come down from the Lithuanian forests, and pillage the wild honeycombs they had been anxiously watching through the summer: or the spider would make its invidious way into the hives; or the moth deposit her baleful eggs among the combs. But these were minor grievances;—and the effigies of the Holy Marya, and *St. Jozef* with his branch of lilies, erected over the gateway of the *Pasieka*, were greeted morning and evening with tokens of praise and thankfulness.

#### EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

It is only within the last thirty or forty years that the children of the poor received any kind of education save what they were orally taught by their parents, or by the clergyman on Sunday afternoons, when he catechizes the children in the church. Of course, very few of them could either read or write. The rising generation, however, have all had some share of instruction in the parochial schools, which are now generally established. Whether the effects anticipated from these establishments will ever be realized, is at present doubtful. It has certainly enabled some of the children to obtain for themselves better situations in life; and, though extreme ignorance in school-learning is not now so prevalent as it was, there are yet no very visible signs of moral amendment. Education, like all other blessings, is valuable only so far as it is rightly used. If the resolution to make a proper use, could be enjoined along with the dissemination of it, all the expected good effects would undoubtedly follow from it, but not otherwise.

The English Church service is admirably adapted for an *uneducated* congregation. The poor, who cannot read, have opportunity to hear the whole of the Scriptures read over once in every year. They repeat the confession, and many of the supplicatory prayers and creed, after the clergyman and precentor; and to every petition they give an audible assent; so that an attentive hearer soon becomes acquainted with every thing he should believe, as well as all he should do, as a Christian.—*Quart. Journ. of Agriculture.*

## Retrospective Cleanings.

## PAROCHIAL RECORDS.—GREAT MARLOW.

*Extracts from the ancient Church Book, which begins Lady Day, 1592.*

1592.—Paid for mending the bells, when the queen came to Bysham Abbey, 1s. 6d. Received of the torchmen, for the profytte of the Whitsun ale, 5l.

1604-5.—Paid the ryngers when the kyng came to Bustleham, 5s.

1608.—Among the church goods :—  
Item.—Fyve payr of garters, and bells.

Fyve coats and a fool's coat.  
Fower feathers.

N.B. These morris-coats were lent out to the neighbouring parishes, and are accounted for till 1629.

1612.—Paid the ryngers, when the kyng came through the towne, 2s. 6d.

The office of sidesman occurs till 1640.

1617.—Paid the ryngers, when the kyng came by to Bisham, 5s.

1642.—Paid for throwing in the bullworks about the church, and in Duck Lane, and for cleaning the church when the souldiers lay inn itt.—(Sum not named.)

1647.—Laid out, in going to Beaconsfield about the covenant.—(Sum not named.)

Paid the ryngers when the kyng came thorow the towne, 5s.

1650.—Sept. 29. For defacing of the kyng's arms, 1s.

1651.—Paid to the painter, for setting up the state's arms, 16s.

*Maxims from the Common-place Book of William, Lord Paget, of Beaudestert, Staffordshire, who died 1563.*

Flye the courte.

Speke little.

Care less.

Devise nothing.

Never earnest.

(Qy. Stand surety?)

In answer cold.

Learn to spare.

Spend with measure.

Care for home.

Pray often.

Live better, and

Dye well.

M. L. B.

## The Gatherer.

*Curious Tax.*—Tlascala, a province of North America, in the government of Mexico, was originally an ally to Cortez, on the conquest of Mexico, who obtained a grant of it from Charles VI., King of Spain, by which it was exempt from any service or duty whatsoever to that Crown, only by paying the King of Spain a handful of maize for each head, as an acknowledgment; which inconsiderable parcels were said, upwards of fifty years ago, to make up 13,000 bushels. This province produces a great quantity of Indian corn : hence it had the name of Tlascala, or The Land of Bread.

P. T. W.

*Sierra Leone.*—The Sierra Leonean boast of having fewer mosquitoes than their neighbours. "That is easily accounted for," say the men of Bathurst, "the climate of Sierra Leone is so bad that nothing can live in it, not even a mosquito."

*Odd Discipline.*—Mr. Leonard says, "In passing the guard-house at Prince's Island, the black sentry, with nothing else save a ragged shirt on, and the belt of a cartouch box buckled round his middle, presented arms to us; and the officer of the guard came out with a parrot in his hand, and asked us if we wanted to buy."

*Prince's Mixture.*—This term is not only applied to a favourite snuff. Prince's Island is celebrated among African cruisers for the bad weather so commonly met with near it, frequent and vexatious showers of rain, and gusts of wind, all which are quaintly termed by our seamen Prince's Mixture.

*The Rhinoceros Bird,* or helmet horn-bill, has a call resembling the braying of an ass, being almost equally loud and discordant—to contribute which, Nature has, do doubt, placed the immense unseemly protuberance on the beak, from which it receives its name.—(See the cut of the Rhinoceros Bird, at page 312, vol. xix. of *The Mirror*.)

*Beauty and Poetry.*—Beauty is to a woman what poetry is to a language, and their similarity accounts for their conjunction; for, there never yet existed a female possessed of personal loveliness, who was not only poetical in herself, but the cause of poetry in others. Were the subject to be properly examined, it would be discovered that the first dawn of poetical genius in a man proceeds almost invariably from his acquaintance with the other sex. Where love exists, poetry must exist also; for one cannot possibly have being without the fellowship of the other;—they live together, and together they perish.

*Fraser's Magazine.*

*Female Genius.*—No age has been so fruitful in female genius as the present. From all ranks of society, women have come forth, and have distinguished themselves in almost every department of literature.—*Ibid.*

*Wooden Clocks* are made chiefly in the Black Forest, in South Germany; and it is said that 70,000 of such clocks are manufactured there annually.

*French Levee Wit.*—There were two very fat noblemen at the court of Louis XV., the Duke de L.— and the Duke de N.—. They were both one day at the levee, when the King began to rally the former on his corpulence. "You take no exercise, I suppose," said the King.—"Pardon me, sire," said de L.—, "I walk twice a day round my cousin de N.—."

THOMAS GILL.

**April Foolery.**—One of the best tricks of this description is that of Rabelais, who being at Marseilles, without money, and desirous of going to Paris, filled some vials with brick-dust, or ashes, labelled them as containing poison for the royal family of France, and put them where he knew they would be discovered. The bait took, and he was conveyed as a traitor to the capital, where the discovery of the jest occasioned universal mirth.

**Modern Aqueduct.**—Louis XIV. began an aqueduct in 1684, near Maintenon, to carry water to Versailles; but the works were abandoned in 1688. This would have been, perhaps, the largest aqueduct in the world, the whole length being 60,000 fathoms, the bridge being 2,070 fathoms in length, 220 feet high, and consisting of 632 arches.

**Neat Rapartee.**—St. Thomas Aquinas being in a closet with Innocent IV. when an officer brought in a large sum of money, produced by the sale of absolutions and indulgences, "You see, young man," said the Pope, "the age of the church is past in which she said, 'silver and gold I have none.'"—"True, holy father," replied Aquinas, "but the age is also past when she could say to a paralytic, 'Rise up and walk.'"

**The Arabs** have not neglected their olden hospitalities, as have many nations in the march of "improvement." The old "Peace be with you" is still their common salutation. "Welcome, what do you wish?" is the address to a stranger, whose entertainment costs him only a "God reward you."

**Fairs.**—The ancient Arab fairs appear to have been more intellectual scenes than any of modern times; for, in the fairs at Mecca, and at Okadh, A.D. 500, poetical contests were held, and the poems to which the prize was awarded were written on byssus, in letters of gold.

**Weaving Riot.**—The first squabble of this description will be found in classic story:—Arachne, daughter of Idmon, a dyer of purple, at Colophon, in Ionia, had learned from Pallas the art of weaving, and ventured to challenge her teacher to a trial of skill. In vain did the goddess, in form of an old woman, forewarn her of the consequences of her folly. The contest began, and Arachne prepared with much skill a web, which represented the amours of Jupiter. This irritated Pallas, who tore the web in pieces, and struck Arachne on the head with the shuttle. Arachne hung herself in despair. The goddess restored her to life, but changed her into a spider; whence the natural history of spiders is termed Arachnology.

**Disadvantages of Tallness.**—Frederick II. when crown-prince, wished to become acquainted with the Marquess d'Argens, and to receive a visit from him. He replied that he

should be in danger from Frederick William I., with his six feet six, this king being in the habit of compelling tall men to join his regiment of grenadiers.

**Tyrolese Minstrels.**—In the *Encyclopædia Americana* we find the following sly hit at English credulity:—Speaking of the performance at the Argyll Rooms, the writer describes them "sometimes such as it is difficult for the most patient hearer to put up with—e. g. the music of the four Jews, who sung dressed as Tyrolese."

**Applause.**—In Germany, applause by making a noise with the feet always signifies the highest degree of satisfaction.

**Cider in America.**—A liquor is obtained by distillation from cider, termed cider-brandy, of which great quantities are made in the Middle States; while a very strong liquid may be obtained by allowing cider to be frozen, and then drawing off the portion which remains fluid, and thus retains the heat. But, a far more wholesome liquid than either is the poisonous wine, which is prepared by adding one gallon of brandy to six of new cider, after it is racked off. This, when eight or twelve months old, is a very good substitute for wine, and is, beyond all comparison, more wholesome than the wretched mixtures sold so cheap under the name of Lisbon wine, &c.

**Paintings.**—The sale of the Nieuwenhays collection, a few days since, produced the sum of 20,210*l.*, the number of works being 141. The last picture in the sale was the celebrated Landscape by A. Van de Velde, which brought the immense sum of 1,376*l.*

**Presence of Mind.**—Cæsar, on landing at Adrumetum, in Africa, with his army, happened to fall on his face, which was reckoned a bad omen; but he, with great presence of mind, turned it to his advantage, for, taking hold of the ground with his right hand, and kissing it, as if he had fallen on purpose, he exclaimed, "Teneo te Africa." (I take possession of thee, O Africa.) P. T. W.

#### *Epitaph, near Bristol.*

I WENT and 'listed in the Tenth Hussars,  
And galloped with them to the bloody wars.  
"Die for your sovereign—for your country die!"  
To earn such glory feeling rather shy.  
Snug I slipped home. But Death soon sent me off,  
After a struggle with the hooping cough.

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